

KIWI

YOUTH

SINGS



**1951 STUDENT LABOUR
FEDERATION AND
PROGRESSIVE YOUTH
LEAGUE SONGBOOK**





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KIWI

YOUTH SINGS

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The New Zealand Progressive Youth League,
1951.

This songbook is dedicated to the Pacific Carnival of Youth and Students for Peace, Australia, 1952; and to the workers for peace everywhere.

We aim here to present for the first time in a single book the words of songs sung by young socialist workers and students throughout New Zealand. These songs come from all ages, all peoples and all lands. We have grouped them as far as possible under three main headings: (1) SONGS OF STRUGGLE; (2) YOUTH AND STUDENT SONGS; (3) FOLK SONGS. Within these heads we have grouped them according to nation of origin—as far as it is known.

We hope that the collection as it stands will serve as a basis for many happy song-sessions in crowded flats, at week-end schools, on the beach at summer camps and around the fires in tramping huts. Above all, we hope that through the singing of these songs many more young people will be drawn into the struggle for peace, for higher living standards and greater freedom—in short, the struggle for socialism.

For song is one of the greatest agents of the progressive movement all over the world. Often in history it has proved one of the factors in social change. "Does a song serve no useful end, fulfil no useful purpose?" asked Anatole Franco. "The Marseillaise and the Carmagnole have overthrown the armies of kings and emperors." And locked in the dungeons of the Gestapo the Czech resistance fighter Julius Fuchik could not be stopped from singing. "There is no life without song," he wrote, "as there is no life without the sun."

CONRAD BOLLINGER,
NEIL GRANGE,
Editors.

WELLINGTON,
December, 1951.

Kiwi Youth Sings

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PART ONE

SONGS OF STRUGGLE

Songs Of All Lands

1. THE INTERNATIONALE.

(Words, translated from French of Eugene Pottier; tune by Degeyter. This song was written for the Second International, and has become the hymn of socialists throughout the world. Pottier was active in the French socialist movement, in the 1848 Revolution and the Commune of 1871. He died in 1887 in France after years of exile, and is buried in the Pere Lachaise Cemetery in Paris.)

Arise, ye workers from your slumbers!
Arise, ye prisoners of want!
For reason in revolt now thunders
At last ends the age of cant.
Now away with all old superstitions,
Servile masses arise! Arise!
We'll change forthwith the old conditions,
And scorn the dust to win the prize.

Then comrades, come rally!
And the last fight let us face,
The Internationale
Unites the human race.

(Repeat 4 lines)

We peasants, artisans and others
Enrolled among the sons of toil,
We'll claim the earth henceforth as brothers,
Drive the indolent from the soil!
On our flesh too long has fed the raven,
We've too long been the vulture's prey.
But now,—farewell the spirit craven,
The dawn leads in a brighter day!

No saviours from on high deliver,
No trust have we in prince or peer.
Our own right hands the chains must shiver—
Chains of hatred, of greed and fear.
Ere the thieves will out with their booty
And to all give a happier lot,
Each at his forge must do his duty
And strike the iron while it's hot.

2. THE UNITED NATIONS ANTHEM.

(Written at the height of the United Nations' war against Fascism, this anthem was set to the music of Shostakovich.)

The sun and the stars are all ringing
With song rising strong from the earth:
The voice of humanity singing
The hymn of a new world in birth.

United Nations on the march
With flags unfurled
Together fight for Peace and Life—
A free new world!

Unite, all ye people bowed under
By powers of darkness that ride,
The wrath of the people shall thunder
Relentless as time or as tide.

As sure as the sun greets the morning,
And rivers flow down to the sea,
A new world for mankind is dawning
Where men shall live peaceful and free.

3. PEACE SONG

(Written for the Australian Peace Congress, 1950.)

Peace for the world and the world for peace,
That our children's laughter may never cease;
To live set free from the fears of war,
United our heart's best strength we pour.

For peace, world peace,

United for peace.

(Repeat)

Up from the bench, from the factory's toil,
The office, shop, and the sunbaked soil;
From kitchen chores and the children's cries,
United for peace, we people rise.

To the warmongers, this we tell,
Never more our blood shall your profits swell;
Sweet human flesh it was made to live,
No more to the harvest of war we'll give.

4. PEACE HYMN.

(Words by John Addington Symonds.)

These things shall be: a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man, with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song,

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould.
And mightier music thrill the skies.
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

Australia

5. IT'S MY UNION.

When the papers run by tories
Carry terrifying stories
Of the horrid union bosses who oppress me,
They may bluster, scream, and rage,
I just turn another page,
For their bedtime stories simply don't impress me.

For it's my union.
I built this union.
If you want to know who runs it. I'm the guy;
And no matter what they say.
The union's here to stay.
For I'll fight for the union till I die.

When radio commentators
Say my leaders are dictators,
When they talk of Moscow agents, reds, and such,
I ignore their indignation,
And tune in some other station,
For their ravings don't convince me very much.

When a bought-and-paid-for stool
Tries to make me out a fool,
By telling me the union should be split.
I just tell him to start walking,
It's the boss's money falking,
And that hogwash doesn't interest me a bit.

They can call me agitator,
They can even call me traitor,
They can tell me that my brain is off the track.
But I'm smart enough to see
What the union's done for me,
So I'm rolling up my sleeves and fighting back.

6. PUT IT ON THE GROUND

Oh, if you want a rise in pay
All you have to do
Is go and ask the boss for it
And he will give it to you.
Yes, he will give it to you, my boy.
Yes, he will give it to you,
A rise in pay without delay,
Yes, he will give it to you. . .

Oh, put it on the ground,
Spread it all around,
Dig it with a hoe,
It will make your flowers grow.

For men who own the industries
I'm shedding bitter tears;
They haven't made a single dime
In over thirty years.
In over thirty years, my boy,
In over thirty years,
Not one tin dime in all that time,
In over thirty years. . .

"The cost of living ain't so high"
 I told my wife Miranda,
 "This talk of living being high
 Is Rooshian propaganda."
 It's Rooshian propaganda, boys,
 It's Rooshian propaganda,
 From Molotov to Simonov,
 It's Rooshian propaganda."
 It's fun to work on holidays,
 Or when the day is done;
 Why should they pay us overtime
 For having so much fun?
 For having so much fun, my boys,
 For having so much fun,
 Pay overtime would be a crime
 For having so much fun. . . .

Songs Of Britain

7. THE RED FLAG

(This song was written by James Connell for the Great Dockers' Strike in London in 1889, when Australian and New Zealand workers first showed their solidarity with the workers of another land by contributing huge sums to the Strike Fund. The song became current in New Zealand during the Maritime Strike of 1890, and has since become the hymn of the British Labour Movement.)

The people's flag is deepest red:
 It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
 And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
 Their life's blood dyed its every fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
 Within its shade we'll live or die!
 Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer
 We'll keep the red flag flying here!

It waved above our infant might;
 When all ahead seemed dark as night;
 It witnessed many a deed and vow—
 We must not change its colour now.

It well recalls the triumphs past,
 It brings the hope of peace at last,
 Our banner bright the symbol plain
 Of human right and human gain.

It suits today the weak and base
 Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
 To cringe before the rich man's frown
 And haul the sacred emblem down.

Look round!—the Frenchman loves its blaze,
 The sturdy German chants its praise,
 In Moscow's halls its hymns are sung,
 New Zealand swells the surging throng.

With heads uncovered swear we all
 To bear it onward till we fall;
 Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
 This song shall be our parting hymn.

8. THE CUTTY WREN.

(This is the revolutionary song of the English Peasants' Revolt of 1381. It is obviously much older in origin, but the symbolism is itself revolutionary—the Great Wren, always the personification of tyranny and parasitism, signifies the baronial class of landowners. The song probably bears reference to the nocturnal secret meetings in the woods referred to in Froissart's Chronicles. John the Red-Nose may be John Ball, the peasants' priest-leader.)

O where are you going? said Milder to Malder,

O we may not tell you, said Festle to Fose.

We're off to the woods, said John the Red Nose.

We're off to the Woods, said John the Red Nose.

What will you do there? said Milder to Malder,

O we may not tell you, said Festle to Fose.

We'll shoot the Cutty Wren, said John the Red Nose.

We'll shoot the Cutty Wren, said John the Red Nose.

O how will you shoot her said Milder to Malder,

O we may not, etc.

With bows and with arrows, said John the Red Nose.

With bows and with arrows, said John the Red Nose.

O that will not do, said Milder to Malder,

O what will do then? said Festle to Fose.

Big guns and big cannons, said John the Red Nose.

Big guns and big cannons, said John the Red Nose.

How will you cut her up? said Milder to Malder,

O we may not, etc.

With knives and with forks, said John the Red Nose.

With knives and with forks, said John the Red Nose.

O that will not do, etc.

O what will do then, etc.

Big hatchets and cleavers, said John the Red Nose.

Big hatchets and cleavers, said John the Red Nose.

O how will you cook her? said Milder to Malder,

O we may not, etc.

With pots and with pans, said John the Red Nose.

With pots and with pans, said John the Red Nose.

O that will not do, etc.

O what will do then? etc.

Bloody great brass cauldrons, said John the Red Nose.

Bloody great brass cauldrons, said John the Red Nose.

And who'll get the spare ribs, etc.

O we may not tell, etc.

We'll give them all to the poor, etc.

9. TRUE VALOUR

(This hymn, from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," is sung to an older tune, and is believed to have been sung by Cromwell's revolutionary armies with whom Bunyan served.)

Who would true valour see,

Let him come hither,

One here will constant be

Come wind, come weather,

There's no discouragement

Can make him once relent

His first avowed intent

To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
 With dismal stories
 Do but themselves confound,
 (The song of the 1688 Glorious Revolution, in which the culmination of years of popular revolt against James II secured his flight
 His strength the more is.
 He'll with a giant fight,
 No lion can him fright,
 But he will have a right
 To be a pilgrim,
 Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
 Shall daunt his spirit.
 He knows he at the end
 Shall life inherit.
 All fancies fly away,
 He'll not fear what men say,
 He'll labour night and day
 To be a pilgrim.
 from Britain. The song, written in mock-Irish, was a protest against

10. LILLIBULERO

one of James' unpopular Papist appointments—that of General Tyrconnel as Lieutenant of Ireland. It is said to have “sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms.”)

Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
 Lilibulero bullen a la
 Dat we shall have a new depute,
 Lilibulero bullen a la,
 Lero, lero, libulero,
 Lilibulero bullen a la,
 Lero, lero, libulero,
 Lilibulero bullen a la,
 Ho, by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
 And he will cut de Englishmen's throat.
 Dough by my shoul de English do praat.
 De law's on deir shide, and Chrish knows whaat.
 But if dispensn do come from de Pope,
 We'll hang Magna Carta an' dem in a rope.
 For de good Talbot is made a lord
 An' with brave lads is comin' abroad.
 Who all in France have taken a swear
 Dat dey will have no Phroteshant heir.
 Arrah! but whoy does he shtay behind?
 Ho! by my shoul, 'tis a Phroteshtant wind!
 But she de Tyrconnel acomin' ashore,
 And we shall have Commissions galore.
 And he dat will not go to mass,
 Shall be turned out, and look like an ass.
 Now, how de herryticks all go down!
 By Chrish an' Shaint Pathrick, de nation's our own.
 Dere wash an old prophecy found in a bog
 “Oireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog.”
 And now ish dis proprecy comin'to pass—
 For Talbot's de dog, an' King James is de ass.

11. JERUSALEM

(This song, from the "Preface" to William Blake's "Milton," is his most powerful expression of the hope raised in England by the French Revolution. Blake was a member of the "Friends of Liberty," one of the revolutionary secret societies in London, and it was he who warned Tom Paine of his imminent arrest and advised

him to ~~leave~~ the country in 1792.)
And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark, Satanic mills?
Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

12. GOD SAVE LIBERTY!

(This hymn to Liberty was written by the poet Shelley, and, sung to the tune of the National Anthem, was a popular song of the Chartists.)

God prosper, speed and save,
God raise from England's grave
Her murdered queen!
Pave with swift victory
The steps of LIBERTY
Whom Britons own to be
Immortal Queen!
See, she comes throned on high,
On swift eternity!
God save the Queen!
Millions on millions wait,
Firm, rapid and elate,
On her majestic state!
God save the Queen!
Wilder her enemies
In their own dark disguise,—
God Save the Queen!
All earthly things that dare
Her sacred name to bear,
Strip them, as kings are, bare;
God save the Queen!
Be her eternal throne
Built in our hearts alone—
God save the Queen!
Let the oppressor hold
Canopied seats of gold;
She sits enthroned of old
O'er our hearts Queen!

13. THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

(Words by Ebenezer Elliott. This was most popular of all the Chartist songs.)

When wilt thou save the People?
O God of Mercy When?
Not Kings and Lords, but Nations,
Not thrones and crowns, but Men!
Flowers of thy heart. O God, are they,
Let them not pass, like weeds, away.
Their heritage a sunless day!
God save the People!

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That Man shall toil for wrong?
No! say thy mountains, No! thy skies:
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise.
And songs be heard instead of sighs.
God save the People!

When wilt thou save the People?
O God of Mercy, when?
The People, Lord, the People!
Not thrones and crowns, but Men!
God save the People! Thine they are:
Thy children, as the angels fair:
Save them from bondage and despair!
God save the People!

14. MARCH OF THE WORKERS.

(These words by William Morris, were written for the old early Marxist organisation in England, the Social Democratic Federation, and are sung to the tune of "John Brown," repeating the first eight bars of each verse.)

What is this, the sound and rumour, what is this that all men hear,
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near.
Like the rolling of the ocean in the eventide of fear?
Tis the people marching on!
Whither go they and whence come they? What are these of whom
ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling twixt the gates of heaven and
hell?
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a master well?
Still the rumour's marching on

Hark the rolling of the thunder
Lo the sun! and lo thereunder
Riseth wrath, and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on!

Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend t'ward
health and mirth,

All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth.
Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain, what 'tis
worth!

For the days are marching on!

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy
wheat,

Smoothe the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,
All for thee this day and ever. What reward for them is meet
Till the host come marching on?

Many a hundred passed over have they laboured deaf and blind;
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might
find!

Now at last they've heard and hear it, and their cry comes down
the wind—

And their feet are marching on!

O ye rich men, hear and tremble! for with words the sound is rife:
"Once for you and death we laboured, changed henceforward is the
strife.

We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men and life;
And our host is marching on."

"Is it war then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire?

Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire.

Come and live! For life awaketh, and the world shall never tire,
And hope is marching on.

"On we march, then, we, the workers, and the rumour that ye hear
is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near:

For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear.

And the world is marching on!"

15. JARAMA.

(The song written by the remnants of the British Column of the
International Brigade after the terrible slaughter of Jarama, 1937.
It is sung to the American folk melody of "Red River Valley.")

There's a valley in Spain called Jarama,
It's a place that we all know so well;
For 'twas there that we gave of our manhood,
And most of our brave comrades fell.

We are proud of our British battalion
And the stand for Madrid that they made,
For they fought like true sons of the soil
As part of the Fifteenth Brigade.

With the rest of the International Column
In the fight for the freedom of Spain,
They swore in the Valley of Jarama
That fascism never should reign.

We have left that dark Valley forever
But its memory we ne'er shall forget,
So, before we continue this meeting,
Let us stand to our glorious dead.

China

16. CHEE LAI.

(The song of the Eighth ~~Red~~ Army.)

Arise, you who refuse to be bondslaves!
Let's stand up and fight for
Liberty and true democracy,
All our world is facing
The chains of the tyrants.
Everyone who works for freedom now is crying:
Arise! Arise! Arise!
All of us with one heart,
With the torch of freedom,
March on!
With the torch of freedom,
March on! March on! March on and on!

Czechoslovakia

17. ~~THE~~ STORM

We can't and won't stand still.
Back of the raging wind;
We'll always forward go,
Into the storm.
We can't and won't be crushed
Under the tyrant's heel;
We'll never hide behind
A promise or deal.

We'll set out to face the wind,
Scorning appeasement's form,
Fighting against the wind,
Holding heads high.
We can't and won't be swept
Along with the blowing wind;
Our feet are on the ground,
Conquer or die.

We are marching, millions marching,
For our cause, just and right;
Step by step we'll stamp out fascists,
Joining hands in the fight.
Though reaction tries to break us.
Forward marching with might.
Stand together, keep on marching,
Through the storm,—to the light.

Eire

18. KEVIN BARRY.

(Kevin Barry was a young Protestant captured by the British after the Easter Rising of 1915. For his part in the struggle for the freedom of his country, he was tried by Court-Martial, and hanged.)

Early on a Sunday morning
High upon a gallows-tree
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty.
Only a lad of eighteen summers,
Yet there's no-one can deny
That he went to death that morning,
Nobly held his head on high.

"Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
Do not hang me like a dog;
For I fought for Ireland's freedom
In that dark September fog—
All around the little bakery
Where we fought the Black and Tan
Shoot me like an Irish soldier
For I fought to free Ireland."

Just before he faced the hangman
In his lonely prison-cell
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
All the names of his companions
Other things they wished to know:
"Turn informer, and we'll free you"—
Proudly Barry answered "No!"

When he turned to face the hangman
Kevin lifted up his head —
"Oh the soldiers are unnumbered
That will fight you when I'm dead.
One more martyr for old Ireland.
One more murder for the Crown.
You can hang old Ireland's soldiers,
But you cannot tread her down."

19. THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

(This song dates from the Irish struggles of the 18th Century.)

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground;
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen.
For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;
They're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
 Sure Ireland's sons will never forget the blood that they have shed.
 You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod.
 But 'twill take root and flourish there though underfoot 'tis trod.
 When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
 And when the leaves in summertime their verdure dare not show
 Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen;
 But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last a colour should be torn from Ireland's heart,
 Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old isle will part;
 I've heard whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea,
 Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
 Oh, Erin! must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
 Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant land?
 Where the cruel cross of England shall never more be seen,
 And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

20. THE REBEL SONG.

(This song was written by the Irish Socialist leader, Jim Connolly, in the 1890's. Connolly was active in the Irish Labour movement for many years both in Ireland and Scotland. He helped lead the Easter Rising in Eire in 1922.)

Come workers, sing a rebel song,
 A song of life and hate,
 Of love unto the lowly
 And hatred to the great.
 The great who trod our fathers down,
 Who steal our children's bread,
 Whose hands of greed are stretched to rob
 The living and the dead.

Then sing a rebel song
 As we proudly march along
 To end the age-long tyranny that makes for human tears.
 Our march is nearer done
 With each setting of the sun
 And the tyrants' might is passing with the passing of the years

We sing no more of wailing,
 No more of sighs or tears,
 But stout our hearts,
 And strong our hands, and
 Banished all our fears.
 Our flag is raised above us
 That all the world may see
 That labour's hope and labour's strength
 Alone can labour free.
 Chorus.

France

21: LA MARSEILLAISE

(This, according to Marx the only revolutionary song which remains revolutionary beyond the times for which it was written, is the work of Rouget de L'Isle, colonel in the Rhine Armies of the French facing the Austrians in 1792. It became the marching-song of the Marseilles volunteers when they arrived in Paris in July 1792 to fight alongside the Parisian Sections in the overthrow of the treacherous monarchy on August 10th. It remains the French National Anthem.)

Allons, enfants de la Patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrive!
Contre nous, de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé. (2)
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir les féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Égorgés nos fils et nos compagnes!

Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons!
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de rois conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves
Ces fers des longtemps préparés? (2)
Français, pour nous ah! quel outrage!
Quel transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage

Amour sacré de la Patrie!
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!
Liberté, Liberté chérie!
Combats avec tes défenseurs! (2)
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents!
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.

Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos aînés ne seront plus;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière,
Et la trace de leur vertu! (2)
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre,
Que de partager de leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre!

(In English):

Arise, to arms, ye sons of liberty!
The day of glory greets the world.
See the tyrants' standard confronts us,
High the bloodstained flag is unfurled. (twice)
The distant fields echo with soldiers,—
Loud thunder the sound of their guns,—
They come to strike us down defenceless.
To destroy our brothers and our sons

To arms, ye sons of France!
To arms, your ranks advance!
March on, march on,
Serfdom is past,
Set free the world at last!

Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame? (twice)
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,—
But freedom is our sword and shield.
And all their plans are unavailing!

22. LA CARMAGNOLE.

(This song, sung to an old French folk-dance, was sung everywhere in the streets after the victory of August 10th, 1792. It was revived and added to in subsequent revolutions, especially in the 1871 Commune.)

Madam Veto avait promis (2)
De faire egorger tout Paris (2)
Mais son coup a manque
Grace a nos canonniers!
Dançons la Carmagnole, vive le son, vive le son.
Dançons la Carmagnole, vive le son du canon!

Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les arisocrats a la lanterne!
Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les arisocrats on les pendra!
On — les — pendra!

(1869):

Que faut-il au republicain? (2)
Du fer, du plomb, aussi du pain (2)
Du fer pour travailler.
Du plomb pour se venger!
Et du pain pour nos freres, vive le son, etc.

(1871):

Viv' la Commune de Paris! (2)
Ses mitrailleuses ses fusils! (2)
La Commune battue
Ne s'avance pas vaincue!
Elle aura sa revanche, vive le son, etc.

(Depuis 1871):

Que faut-il donc au plebeien? (2)
Le bonheur de tous et le sien? (2)
Prendre terre et machine
Desinfecter l'usine,
Et sauver l'ouvriere, **vive le son, etc.**

(1917):

Vive la Commune de Russie! (2)
Ses mitrailleuses et ses fusils! (2)
Après s'être battue,
La Commune a vaincu!
Elle a eu sa revanche! **vive le son, vive le son!**
Elle a eu sa revanche! **Vive le son du canon!**

Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ■ ira!
Tous les bourgeois a la lanterne!
Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira!
Tous les bourgeois ■ les pendra!
On — les — pendra!

23. LE CHANT DES PARTISANS

(The anthem of the Underground Resistance against the Nazis,
1940-45.)

Ami, entends-tu le vol lourd des corbeaux sur la plaine?
Ami, entends-tu les cris sifflés du pays qu'on enchaîne?
Ohe, partisans, ouvriers et paysans, c'est l'alarme!
Ce soir l'ennemi connaîtra le prix du sang et des larmes!
Montez de la mine, descendez des collines, camarades!
Sortez de la paille les fusils, la mitraille, les grenades!
Ohe les tueurs, ■ la balle ou au couteau, tuez vite!
Ohe saboteur, attention a ton fardeau, dynamite!
C'est nous qui brisons les barreaux des prisons pour nos freres.
La haine a nos trousses et la faim qui nous pousse, la misere,
Il est des pays ou les gens au creux des lits font des rêves,—
Ici nous, vois-tu, nous on marche, nous l'on tue, nous l'on creve!
Ici chacun sait ce qu'il veut, ce qu'il fait, quand il passe.
Ami, si tu tombes, un ami sort de l'ombre prend ta place!
Demain du sang noir sechera au grand soleil sur la route!
Sifflez, compagnons! Dans la nuit la Liberte nous écoute!
Ami entends tu les cris sourds du pays qu'on enchaîne?
Ami entends-tu le vol lourd des corbeaux sur la paine?

In English (especially translated for this book by Mr. A. J. D.
Barker).

O friend, can you hear vultures' wings beating near on the plains?
Can you hear stifled moans of a nation that groans under chains?
Holla, partisans, men of factories and farms, O arise!
Tonight shall the foe of our blood and tears know the full price!...
From the mines you will come, from the hills you will come, com-
rades all!
The rifle and bomb and grenade out will come from the straw!
You that kill with the aid of the ball or the blade in the night!
Saboteur, have a care for the burden you bear, dynamite!

It is we who can break prison bars that they make for our brothers,
 While hatred pursues us and hunger enures us to suffer.
 There are countries where men live their pleasures again as they
 dream,
 But here we are driven and tortured and riven and slain!

Here everyone knows what he does as he goes, what he tries.
 O friend, if you fall, other friends at your call shall arise.
 Tomorrow dark blood in the sun on the road will be glistening.
 But sing, comrades all; Freedom under night's pall will be listening.

24. THE UNITED FRONT SONG

O, man is only human,
 He must eat before he can think;
 Kind words are only empty air
 And not his meat and drink.

Then left, right, left.
 Then left, right, left.
 There's a place, comrade, for you;
 March with us in the Workers' United Front.
 For you are a worker too.

O, a worker is only a worker,
 He'd rather not have boots in his face;
 He wants no servants at his beck and call
 Nor rule by a Master Race.

25. SUNLIGHT AND FREEDOM.

(One of the oldest and most popular songs of the German Socialist
 Movement.)

Brueder, zur Sonne, zur Freiheit,
 Brueder, zum Lichte, empor,
 Hell aus der dunklen Vergangenheit) twice
 Leuchtet die Zukunft hervor.) twice

Brothers, to sunlight and freedom,
 Shoulder your arms for the fight!
 Out of the darkness of yesterday.
 Brothers, tomorrow is bright!

Brothers, the hands clasp of brothers,
 Laugh at the menace of death,
 Sacred the last of all battles,
 Slavery's last choking breath.

Down with the fetters and cages
 Wrought by the forces of greed;
 Stifled and starved thru the ages,
 Labour at last shall be freed.

Brothers, the yoke of the tyrant
 Into the limbo is hurled;
 Bloodred banners are streaming
 Over a socialist world.

Germany

26. THE PEAT-BOG SOLDIERS.

Wohin auch das Auge blicket
Moor und Heide nur ringsum.
Vogelsang uns nicht erquicket,
Erlen stehen kahl und stumm.

Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
Wir ziehen mit dem Spaten
Ins Moor.

Far and wide as the eye can wander
Heath and bog are everywhere.
Not a bird sings out to cheer us
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

We are the Peatbog Soldiers,
We're marching with our spades
To the moor.

Up and down the guards are pacing,
No-one, no-one can go through.
Flight would mean a sure death facing,
Guns and barbed-wire greet our view.

But for us there's no complaining,
Winter will in time be passed.
One day we shall cry rejoicing,
Homeland dear, you're mine at last.

Then will the Peatbog Soldiers
March no more with their spades
To the moor.

27. DAS NEUE LEBEN. (New Life)

Das neue Leben muss anders werden
Als dieses Leben, als diese Zeit.
Da darf's kein Hungern, kein Elend geben.
Packt alle an, dann ist es bald so weit.

Kommit, Kamerad!

Steh' nicht abseits, Kamerad!

Unser Kampf, Kamerad, ist auch dein Kampf!

Halte Schritt, halte Schritt, komm ins neue Leben mit!

Auf dich kommt ■ an!

Auf uns alle!

Seht, wie die Einheit von Millionen
Des Lebens Dunkel auf immer brennt.
Wenn wir uns alle die Hande geben,
Kommt neues Leben auch in unser Land.
Kommt neues Leben auch in unser Land.

In English:

The New Life must be brighter, stronger,
Than this old life and these grey times:
There must be neither need nor hunger,—
It claims us all within its bounteous arms.

Comrade, march with us!
Comrade, don't stay by the way!
Comrade, this fight of ours is your fight too.
Keep in step, keep in line, march towards a better time.
It depends on you.
And on us all.

See how the millions, united together,
Dispel forever the dark of the night;
When each of us grasps the hand of his brother
Our land will shine beneath the New Life's light.

28. THE THAELMANN COLUMN. (FREIHEIT)

(One of the songs of the German Battalion of the International Brigade in Spain. Thaelmann, leader of the German Communists, died in a Nazi Concentration Camp during the War against the Peoples.)

Spanish heavens spread their brilliant starlight
High above our trenches in the plain;
From the distance morning comes to greet us,
Calling us to battle once again.

Far off is our land
Yet ready we stand
We're fighting and winning for you—FREIHEIT!

We'll not yield a foot to Franco's Fascists
Even though the bullets fall like sleet.
With us stand our peerless men, our comrades,
And for us there can be no retreat.

Italy

29 BANDIERA ROSSA.

Avanti Popolo!
Alla riscossa!
Bandiera rossa! Bandiera rossa!
Avanti Popolo-
Alla riscossa!
Bandiera rossa trionfera!
Bandiera rossa trionfera! (3)
Eviva Socialismo e la Libertà!
Eviva Lenin, abasso Il Duce! (2)

The people on the march
The road are treading
That leads to freedom, that leads to freedom!
The hour of struggle's here, our courage needing,
Our banners leading to victory!

Raise then the scarlet flag triumphantly (3)
We fight for peace, and progress, and our liberty!

From mine and factory
From farm and college
By strength of suffering
And force of knowledge
Come all who hope for life
Their powers conceding,
Their banners leading to victory!

30. E LE STELLETTE

(A North Italian Partisans' Song, 1943-45.)

E le stellette che noi portiamo
Son disciplina, son disciplina
E le stellette che noi portiamo
Son disciplina di noi solda
E tu, biondina capricciosa
Garibaldina, tru-la-la
Tu sei la stella di noi solda.

E la borraccia che noi portiamo
E la cantina, e la cantina
E gli scarponi che noi portiamo
Son parafanghi, son parafanghi
E le pagnotte che noi mangiamo
Son bombe a mano, son bombe a mano
E le ragazze che noi bacciamo
Son fiorentine, son fiorentine
E le ragazze che noi bacciamo
Son fiorentine, di sta citta.

Poland

31. WHIRLWINDS OF DANGER.

Whirlwinds of danger are raging around us
O'erwhelming forces of darkness assail,
Still in the fight see advancing before us
Red flag of liberty that yet shall prevail.
Then forward, ye workers,
Freedom awaits you,
O'er all the world on the land and the sea.
On with the fight
For the cause of humanity
Forward, united, and the world shall be free.
Now while in secret our rulers are plotting
Furies of slaughter to stave off their fall
Only united the people can thwart them,
Shatter their war designs and bring Peace to all.

Scotland

32. SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

(Written by Burns, this song sums up the national feeling of the Scots in the form of a symbolic address supposed to have been delivered by Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn.)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle pour,
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freemen stand or freemen fa'—
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes an' pains!
 By our sons in servile chains!
 We would drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow.
 On to victory.

33. A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

(This song of Robert Burns is one of the most feeling reflections of the Revolution in France among the peoples of other countries.)

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

You see yon birkie ca'ed a lord,
 Who struts and stares and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband star and a' that:
 The man of independent mind
 He looks and laughs at a' that!

Then let us pray that come it ma
 As come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' thy—
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that, e earth,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

Spain

34. HIMNO DE RIEGI.

(The National Anthem of the Spanish Republic, 1931-1939. Riego is the symbolic name for the common worker and peasant of Spain.)

Oh joyless and fearless,
 Audacious, invincible,
 Come sing with us, comrades,
 Our mighty battle-song.

For ever remembered,
Adored by the masses,
Ye brave sons of the workers
And peasants of Spain.
It is for our people,
For Spain we must unite!
For victory and freedom
We'll win or die in the fight.

Alive is the glory
Of those who have struggled,
The whole world remembers
Their part in the strife.
Riego, Riego,
We sing of your victory,
For the cause of the people
You laid down your life.

The wind blows and carries
The thunders of cannons,
The shrill sound of trumpets
Is heard from afar;
And Mars, god of battle,
Now marshals our soldiers,
He leads our proud people,
Our comrades to war.

35. THE FOUR INSURGENT GENERALS.

(The four fascist generals who led the ~~F~~ against the Spanish Republic.—Sanjurjo, Mola, Goded and Franco, have all bar the last, met violent deaths.)

Los cuatro generales (3)
Mamita mia
que se han alzado. (2)
Para la Nochebuena (3)
Mamita mia,
Seran ahorcados. (2)
Porqu'el proletariado (3)
Mamita mia
Gano la guerra. (2)
The four insurgent generals (3)
Mamita Mia
They tried to betray us (2)
At Christmas holy evening
They all will be hanging.
Madrid you wondrous city,
They wanted to take you.
But your courageous children
They did not disgrace you.
And all your tears of sorrow,
We shall avenge them.
And all your age-old bondage,
We'll break it asunder.

U.S.A.

36. JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

(John Brown, 1800-1859, was a Puritan farmer. In the last year of his life he raised the standard of revolt in Virginia against the system of slavery, intending to arm the Negroes and establish freedom. His plans went as far as the successful assault on the Harper's Ferry Arsenal. When the revolt had been put down, Brown was tried and executed for "treason." He became the popular hero of the anti-slavery movement, and this song in his honour was the most popular marching-tune of the Northern armies in the Civil War.)

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,

But his soul goes marching on!

Glory, Glory, Halleluia! (3)

His soul goes marching on!

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men and true,
He frightened old Virginia till she trembled through and through;
They hung him for a traitor—themselves the traitor crew:—
But his soul, etc.

John Brown died that the slave might be free (3)

We'll hang Jeff Davis (1) on a sour apple-tree (3)

As we go marching on! etc.

Now has come the Glorious Jubilee!

When all mankind is free! etc.

(1) Jefferson Davis was President of the Confederate States; the slave-owning states that seceded from the Union.

37. SOLIDARITY

(This song, sung to the tune of "John Brown," was the anthem of the socialist syndicalist movement in America from the turn of the century—the Industrial Workers of the World, known as the "Wobblies." Words by Ralph H. Chaplin.)

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun,
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?
BUT the Union makes us strong,
For the Union makes us strong!
Solidarity forever! (3)

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and crush us with his might?
Is there anything left for us but to organise and fight?
For the Union makes us strong!

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they
trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad
laid.
Now we stand, outcast and starving, mid the wonders we have
made;
But the Union makes us strong!

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone
We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward stone by stone.
It is ours not to slave in but to master and to own,
While the union makes us strong!

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn,
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom, when we
learn

That the Union makes us strong!

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousandfold,
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong!

38. JOE HILL.

(Joe Hill was a Swede called Hillstrom, who emigrated to America about the turn of the century, roused about in a thousand jobs, and, in the words of Dos Passos: "Read Marx and the I.W.W. Preamble, and dreamed about forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.. He was in California for the Southern Pacific (Railroad) strike, used to play the concertina outside the bunkhouse door after supper had a knack of setting rebel words to tunes..." He is author of "Longhaired Preachers," and many other working-class songs. He was framed on a murder charge at Bingham, Utah, and shot in the jailyard, November 1915, despite protests from all sides, including President Wilson and the Swedish Consul. His last words were "Don't mourn for me—organise!")

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night

Alive as you or me.

"But Joe," I said, "You're ten years dead,"

"I never died," said he. (2)

"In Salt Lake, Joe," says I to him

Him standing by my bed,

"They framed you on a murder charge."

Says Joe, "But I ain't dead." (2)

"The cartel bosses shot you, Joe,

They killed you, Joe," said I.

"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"

Said Joe. "I didn't die." (2)

And standing there as large as life,

And smiling with his eyes,

"The part of me they couldn't kill

Goes on to organise." (2)

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he said to me.

Joe Hill ain't never died—

Where working men are out on strike

Joe Hill is at their side." (2)

From San Diego up to Maine

In every mine and mill

Where workingmen defend their rights,

That's where you'll find Joe Hill. (2)

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night

Alive as you or me,

"But Joe," I said, "You're ten years dead,"—

"I never, died," said he. (2)

39. PAINT 'ER RED.

(A famous American Wobbly song to the tune of "Marching Thru Georgia." The words are by Ralph H. Chaplin.)

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel band,
Come you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,
We march against the parasites to drive them from the land
With One Big Industrial Union!

Hurrah! Hurrah! We're going to paint 'er red!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The way is clear ahead!
We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread
With One Big Industrial Union!

In factory and field, and mine we gather in our night,
We're on the job and know the way to win the hardest fight,
For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness into light
Is One Big Industrial Union!

Come on, you fellows get in line: we'll fill the boss with fears,
Red's the colour of our flag, it's stained with blood and tears,—
We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest cheers,
For One Big Industrial Union!

"Slaves," they call us, "working plugs," inferior by birth,
But when we hit their pocket-books we'll spoil their smiles of
mirth,—

We'll stop their dirty dividends, and drive them from the earth
With One Big Industrial Union!

40. JOIN ■ THE FIGHT

(This song is sung by the progressive CIO Unions, to the tune of the Negro spiritual, "Hold out yer Light.")

Join in the fight, O Negro Comrade, (3)

Black and white we'll rebuild the world!
O, comrade won't you join in the fight?
O, Negro won't you join in the fight?
O, comrade won't you join in the fight?
Black and white we'll rebuild the world!

Join in the fight, O hard-pressed comrade, (3)

Black and white we'll rebuild the world!

41. HARRY BRIDGES

(Harry Bridges is the Australian-born leader of the U.S. Longshoremen's Union. He has been the object of slander and persecution from the right wing for over ten years.)

Let me tell you of a sailor, Harry Bridges is his name;
An honest union leader that the bosses tried to frame;
He left home in Australia to sail the seas around;
He sailed across the ocean, to land in Frisco town.
There was only a company union, the bosses had their way;
A worker had to stand in line for a lousy dollar a day;
Then up spoke Harry Bridges, 'Us workers gotta get wise,
Our wives and kids will starve to death unless we organise.'

Oh, the FBI is worried, the bosses they are scared;
They can't deport six million men, they know,
And we're not going to let them send Harry over the sea;
We'll fight for Harry Bridges, and build the CIO.

They built a big bonfire by the Matson Line that night;
They threw their link books in it, and they said "We're going to
fight.
You're going to pay a living wage, or we're going to take a walk,"
They told it to the bosses, but the bosses wouldn't talk.
They said there's only one way left to get a contract signed,
And all around the waterfront they threw their picket-line.
They called it Bloody Thursday, that fifth day of July,
For a hundred men were wounded, and two were left to die.

"We must try to bribe him," the shipping bosses said,
"And if he won't accept the bribe, we'll say that he's a red."
The bosses brought a trial to deport him over the sea;
But the Judge said "He's an honest man, I've got to set him free."
Now they brought another trial, to frame him if they can,
But right by Harry Bridges stands every workman.
So let us stick together, boys, we'll make these bosses know,
That we'll defend our leaders, and build the CIO.

42. FLAG OF THE SOVIETS.

(The National Anthem of the Soviet Union.)

Unbreakable Union of freeborn Republics
Great Russia has welded forever to stand,
Created in struggle by will of the people,
United and mighty, our Soviet Land.

Sing to our Motherland!

Glory undying!

Bulwark of peoples in brotherhood strong!

Flag of the Soviets!

People's flag flying!

Lead us from victory to victory on!

Our country grew up in the heat of grim battle,
Barbarian invaders we swiftly strike down!
In combat the fate of the future we settle,
Our nation we lead to eternal renown!

U.S.S.R.

43. SOVIET LAND.

Soviet Land, so dear to every toiler,
Peace and progress build their hopes on thee,
There's no other land the whole world over,
Where man walks the earth so proud and free (2).

From great Moscow to the farthest border,
From the Arctic Sea to Samarkand,
Everywhere man proudly walks as master
Of his own unbounded fatherland.
Everywhere life courses freely broadly,
As the Volga's ample waters flow;
To our youth now every door is open,
Everywhere our old with honour go.

Fertile fields where once were barren patches,
Where was wasteland thriving cities hum.
On all tongues the proudest word is "Comrade,"
With it we all barriers overcome.
Everywhere throughout our mighty union.
All our peoples flourish free from strife.
Side by side the Russian, Jew and Tartar
Build in peace a richer, better life.

At our table everyone is welcome,
For each service honors we bestow;
On us shines the Stalin Constitution,
Through the years unfading it will glow,
Great and glorious the words are written,
The grandest charter man has yet possessed,
Every Soviet Citizen for ever
Has the right to study, work and rest.

Day by day our happy land advances,
Bright our future as our flag above,
No one else on earth so free from shadows.
No one else so free to laugh and love.
But if any foe should try to smash,
Try to desolate our land so dear,
Like the thunder, like the sudden lighting,
We shall give our answer sharp and clear.

44. THE SONG OF THE PARTISANS.

(This song originates in the Civil War and War of Intervention following the Bolshevik Revolution when the people of Russia fought and won against the hireling armies of adventurist generals and of the "Allies.")

In the hills and in the valleys,
In the cities over the snows,
To defend their lovely country)
Brave Partisans arose.) Twice

When they crossed the raging river
In the wind the pine-boughs danced,
And their foe fled through the valley
As the Partisans advanced.

To the east swept forward the Partisans,
Through the swamps and on to the heights,
To attack and take Primorya,
Last stronghold of the Whites.

Battle-scarred and faded banners,
Fluttered bravely on before;
But far deeper was the crimson
Of the recent wounds they bore.

Then they stood upon the mountain,
With the workers' flag unfurled—
In the heat of bitter fighting
They had forged a free new world.

Wales

45. LAND OF MY FATHERS.

O land of my fathers, O land of my love,
Dear mother of minstrels who kindle and move,
And hero on hero, who at honour's proud call
For freedom their life-blood let fall.

Wales! Wales! O but my heart is with you!
And long as the sea
Your bulwark shall be
To Cymru my heart shall be true!

Though flattered and scorned by the proud and the strong,
The tongue of dear Cymru still charms us in song—
Though bound by the tyrant in fetters and chains,
Your spirit of freedom remains.

O land of the mountains, the bard's paradise,
Where precipice proud, valleys lone as the skies,
Green murmuring forest, far echoing flood,
Fire fancy and quicken the blood.

46. CWM RHONDDA.

(This song, whose tune is the same as the hymn "Guide me O Thou great Jehovah!", was sung in "How Green was my Valley".)

Land of Wales, so long subjected,
When will you arise from sleep?
From your mines a voice like thunder
Bids us our own harvest reap.
Shake your valleys,
Shake your mountains,
Whence the springs of freedom leap. (2)

We have bowed too long already,
Slaved the idle to maintain,
Bent our backs for foreign masters,
Scarred our vales to win them gain
So our land and
We must suffer,
Till the People's will shall reign. (2)
Brothers now made one by suffering
Face the struggle of the hour
With your millions all united
What can stand against your power.
With your justice,
With your plenty,
Make the blackened valleys flower.

47. MEN OF HARLECH.

(This is the oldest of Welsh national revolutionary songs, dating from the Battle of Harlech in 1468.)

Men of Harlech, in the hollow.
Do you hear the rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow.
Battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground.
Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under,
The placid sky, now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Onward, 'tis our country needs us,
He is bravest, he who leads us,
Honours self now proudly heads us,—
"Freedom, God and right!"

Rocky steeps and passes narrow,
Flash with spear and flight of arrow:
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now,
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover;
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover
Trembles on a blow.
Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given!
In deadly lock or battle-shock
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech, young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story,
Strike for life, for home, for glory,
Freedom, God and right!

PART TWO

YOUTH & STUDENT SONGS

Songs Of All Lands

48. MARCH OF DEMOCRATIC YOUTH.

(The anthem of the World Federation of Democratic Youth.)

One great vision unites us
Though remote be the lands of our birth.
Poes may threaten and smite us,
Still we live to bring peace to the earth.
Every country and nation
Stirs with youth's inspiration—
Young folks are singing.
Happiness bringing
Friendship to all the world.

Everywhere the youth are singing freedom's song,
Freedom's song, freedom's song.

We rejoice to show the world that we are strong,
We ~~are~~ strong, we are strong.

We are the youth,
And the world acclaims our song of truth.

Everywhere the youth are singing freedom's song,
Freedom's song, freedom's song.

We remember the battle,
And the heroes who fell on the field,
Sacred blood running crimson
Our invincible friendship has sealed.
All who cherish the vision
Make the final decision,—
Struggle for justice,
Peace and goodwill for
Peoples throughout the world.

49. GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

(This medieval Latin song, expressive of the vital philosophy of youth, has been the international students' song since the sixteenth century)

Gaudeamus igitur,) Repeat
Iuvenes dum sumus;
Post iucundam iuventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus,
Nos habebit humus,
Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Ubi? Iam fuere.
Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur.

Venit mors velociter,
Rapi nos atrociter,
Nemini pareetur.
Vivat academia,
Vivant professores;
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.

Australia

50. THE CREED OF THE B.H.P.

(The Broken Hill Proprietary is Australia's great mining monopoly.
This song is sung to the tune of the "Vicar of Bray.")

In good Herr Hitler's golden days
When fascists were supreme, sir,
I helped them in my own quiet ways,
But never was extreme, sir,
I kept the living standards down
And with the best intention
To help the fascists win in Spain
I preached non-intervention.

For there's one rule I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
Whatever else goes down the drain
The B.H.P. must pay, sir.

Friend Tojo was a decent chap,
He bought my iron and steel, sir,
And workers who dared interfere
I quickly brought to heel, sir,
They later got it in the guts,
But let's forget the slain, sir,
We need new markets in Japan,
So build 'em up again, sir.

For there's one rule I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That though it cost a million slain,
The B.H.P. must pay, sir.

Now Wall Street has the hardest cash
I've turned in that direction.
I'll offer them a "foothold" here
If they'll give me protection;
I'm not a sentimental man
For sentiment's neurotic, —
I'll sell this land for Yankee gold
And call it patriotic.

For there's one rule I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
Australia may go down the drain,
But the B.H.P. must pay, sir.

51. THE SCABS CRAWL IN.

The scabs crawl in, the scabs crawl out,
The scabs crawl under and all about.
They crawl by day, they crawl by night,
They crawl because they're afraid to fight.
They crawl in early, they crawl in late,
They crawl in under the factory gate.

62. AN M.P.'S LIFE FOR ME.

(From the banned 1940 V.U.C. Extrav. "Jonnalie," this song was sung by the Fox and the Cat representing Messrs. Fraser and Sample and the Puppet,—John A. Lee.)

Hi diddle dee dee!
 As M.P.'s life for me!
 You get the run of Bellamy's,
 And pleasant trips across the seas.
 Hi diddle dee di,
 You've got to learn to lie,
 And if your wife or mother nicks
 The wherewithal to back the hacks
 You just increase the income tax—
 An M.P.'s life for me!

Hi diddle dee dee!
 An M.P.'s life for me!
 You get a car that calls at four,
 With petrol coupons by the score—
 Hi diddle dee do,
 You ought to join the show;
 The bars are open after six
 And if you're landed in a fix
 You blame it on the Bolsheviks—
 An M.P.'s life for me!

Hi diddle dee dee!
 An M.P.'s life for me!
 You catch the strikers on the hip
 By bringing in a censorship—
 Hi diddle dee daw,
 You influence the Law,
 And if the people don't obey
 In jail you lock them all away.
 Except, of course, the B.M.A.—
 An M.P.'s life for me!

63 THE LABOUR PARTY CHORUS. (Also from "Jonnalie." Tune traditional.)

Our lives are dedicated to the suffering working class,
 We try to please our devotees with every Act we pass.
 We stay up late and legislate and do not mind a bit—
 The bar is always open and we make good use of it.
 We shall emancipate
 The humble from the great,
 Exalt the meek
 And halt and weak,
 And banish fear and hate.
 If you're prepared to wait
 We'll let you rule the state,
 But nasty men
 Who ask us when
 Make us expectorate!
 Conservatives don't comprehend the kindness of our hearts.
 We always like to stop a strike before it really starts;
 We get the urge to have a purge in periods of stress,

And arbitration settlements incontinently bless.
 To keep inviolate
 The democratic state
 The wicked guys
 Who criticise
 We shall incarcerate!
 If you're prepared to wait
 We'll let you rule the state,
 But nasty men who ask us when—
 Make us expectorate!

64. WE'RE RENOWNED IN SONG AND STORY

(Tune: "The Gendarmes' Duet"—Sung as a duet by Fraser and Semple in "Jonnalio.")

We're renowned in song and story.
 For our rather ruddy tint,
 But the records of our glory
 We're glad to say, are out of print.
 But when they asked us if we'd go,
 And we boldly answered "No!"

They ran us in, they ran us in,
 They ran us in, they ran us in,
 We showed the world our bravery!

Twice

But behold our metamorphosis,
 From litmus pink to good true blue!
 Now we're grave and potent officers
 And we're alert to every clue.
 And harmless pacifists,
 And all Fifth Columnists,

We run them in, we run them in,
 We run them in, we run them in,
 We show the world our bravery!

Twice

Underneath the flag of labour,
 We advance to democracy,
 And we fight with sword and sabre
 In the cause of Liberty.
 And when the scion of a judge
 Refused at last to budge,

We ran him in, we ran him in,
 We ran him in, we ran him in,
 We showed the world our bravery!

Twice

65.

COMMOS' CHORUS

(From "Centennial Scandals," 1940: to the tune of "Wise Old Horsey")

We're emissaries of Stalin,
 We're agents of a foreign State;
 We further the cause of the proletariat
 By poisoning the food of the commissariat;
 We spout in public parks
 Of Lenin and of Marx—
 And negations we negate!

We're emissaries of Lenin,
And, beneath the standard red
With dialectic opposites in unity,
We're going to build a socialist community:
We're putting on the spatsky
All the followers of Trotsky,
And the Mensheviks have fled.

We're emissaries of Engels,
And we live on Moscow gold;
We're going to annihilate the ruling classes
And thus we'll liberate the toiling masses:
We listen in to Moscow,
Every morning in to Moscow,
And we do just what we're told.

66. THE COMMUNIST UNDER THE BED

(Words by Charles Churchill, adapted for the VUC Extravaganza,
1949. Tune: Villikins and Dinah.)

Come rally, you citizens, hark to my song.
For I've found an excuse for whatever goes wrong:
When there's trouble with unions, elections ahead,
Just look for the Communist under the bed.

*Yes you heard what he said,
Just look for the Communist under the bed.*

With crises we deal in our time-honoured way,
It's up with the prices and down with the pay,
And who dares to suggest we cut profits instead—
That proves HE's the Communist under the bed.

So too, if the Greeks have the cheek to protest,
They won't have a monarch whom Ernie has blessed;
We know why it is they have been so misled,
And we gun for the Communist under the bed.

We must call in the aid of an army of narks
Against Bolshevik plots by some Film Unit clerks,
For a typist with dangerous thoughts in her head
May well be the Communist under the bed.

Sleep on, Comrade Hitler, you much misjudged man,
You tried and you failed, still we do what we can,
For your soul marches on, though your body is dead,
While we hunt for the Communist under the bed.

67. THE ATLANTIC CHORUS

(From "Sidarella," 1951. Tune: "Bible Stories.")

Roll up, tumble up, everybody come,
Blow the blooming bugle, beat the blooming drum,
Park your anti-atom-bomb petitions at the door,
And we'll give you each a tommy-gun, and drive you into war.

Tito was a Communist, the papers told us so,
 Till he fell out upon the Party Line with Uncle Joe,
 He found he was unable to ring up the Iron Curtain,
 So now he's crossed the lines, and he's a friend of ours for certain.
 Roll up, tumble up, quickly as you can,
 We're going to defend you to the last blooming man;
 Don't moan about taxation as rearmament increases,
 We'll defend you, though we have to atom-bomb you all to pieces.
 Franco was a Fascist, so the papers said,
 Bathed poor Spain in blood to stop the country turning red,
 But now we must embrace him though his murders we deplore:
 "We could not love thee, dear, so much, loathed we not Stalin more."

68.

LAND OF AL CAPONE

(Tune: "Land of Hope and Glory")

Land of Al Capone,
 Bubble-gum and chew—
 We are never phoney
 In our praise of you.
 Vaster still and vaster
 Dulles Plans be spread,
 Save us from disaster,)
 Death to every red.) twice

Land of Thomas Dewey
 And MacCormack's press,
 All red talk is hooley,
 Your every act we bless.
 Give us now and ever
 Daily Marshall bread,
 O'er us, parted never,)
 Dollar jam be spread.) twice

Land of Edgar Hoover
 And the Ku Klux Klan,
 How can we improve her?
 No one ever can.
 Rum and coca-cola
 To refresh our souls,
 Lend another dollar)
 To colonise the Poles.) twice

Land of Rita Hayworth,
 And of Rita's legs,
 However small our pay's worth,
 Drain us to the dregs.
 Education's barmy,
 Cut it and health as well,
 Spend it on the Army,)
 Blast us all to hell.) twice

69.

DEFENDERS OF DEMOCRACY

(Tune: Admiral's Song from Pinafore)

Nazi: When I was young, to tell the truth,
 I was a Captain in the Hitler Youth,
 And in the War I commanded tanks
 On the Western Front against the Yanks.
 And after the war they rewarded me,)
 And made me a Defender of Democracy.) twice

Japanese: When I was young I was a fan
Of Tojo and of the Tanaka Plan.
And in the war I thought I was terrific
Slaughtering New Zealanders all over the Pacific.
My Fascist faith is plain to see
So they made me a Defender of Democracy.

Menzies: Before the war my only sin
Was supplying Tokio with iron and tin,
Hitler taught me not to quail
But hurl my opponents into jail.
I knew Mein Kampf from A to Zee
So they made me a Defender of Democracy.

Malan: I'm a great believer in the Chosen Race,
I keep the Negroes in their place;
I often said that Hitler's fight
For Aryan supremacy was wholly right.
I'm a Nazi, as you'll all agree,
So they've made me a Defender of Democracy.

79.

THE C.S.R. AND THE SUVA SNOBS

Tune: "The Martins and the Coughtrys."

("This song reflects somewhat bitterly the Kiwis' reactions to the vast gulf between the Fijian workers and European officials of the Sugar Company." — Kiwi Song Book.)

In Fiji's sunny clime
We were stationed for a time;
We thought that we were guarding home and king,
But imagine our confusion
When we found to our delusion
And we faced the same conclusion
We were doing no such thing.

We were marched and marched and marched
While our bloody throats were parched.
Gawd! they slogged us round to bring us up to par.
Struth! you should have heard our curses
On discovering we were nurses
To the Sugar barons' purses
And the bloody C.S.R.

Every bloody town and village
Boasts of mansions built of pillage,
And each lordling owns the latest motor car.
While their wives are snobbish bitches
Living high on ill-earned riches
Drawn from blood and sweat of wretches
Toiling for the C.S.R.

And their daughters! Lord, it's painful
How they treat us so disdainful.
Cripes, you'd think we were beyond the colour bar.
While we're here to save their bacon
And the divvies they are makin'
While our homefolks' hearts are breakin'
We must save the C.S.R.

Many nights I've sat there thinkin'
Gawd! had I been born a Lincoln
I'd clear this isle of slav'ry, from Suva round to Ba,
For they've never tasted freedom
And their wages hardly feed 'em,
As relentlessly they bleed 'em,
Do the bloody C.S.R.

And they know it's futile squealing
Or to courts of law appealing,
For the overseer reigns just like the Czar:
Judges, too, like politicians,
Are possessed of their ambitions,
Just to mouth the cruel decisions
Prompted by the C.S.R.

On the wall fate's hand writes clearly
"Retribution costs you dearly,"
You are doomed, the gates of failure stand ajar
For the souls of slaves departed,
Overburdened, broken hearted;
Curse your lust as they are martyred,
Curse the bloody C.S.R.

71.

GORBLIMEY

My Father was the captain of the Day's Bay Ferry Boat.
He wore gorblimey britches and a little gorblimey coat,
A little gorblimey waistcoat and a little gorblimey hat:
Oh, gorblimey, what do you think of that?

Chorus:

*Don't you think he looks peculiar (three times)
In his little gorblimey hat.*

I wear my silk pyjamas in the summer when it's hot,
I wear my flannel nighty in the winter when it's not,
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall
I hop right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Chorus:

*Don't you think he looks peculiar (three times)
With nothing on at all.*

From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli
We fight our country's battle on the land as on the sea.
Admiration of the nation is the finest ever seen
And we glory in the title of the United States Marines.

Chorus:

*Don't you think he looks peculiar (three times)
The United States Marines.*

72.

WHARFIES SONG (T.U.C. GULDS WE.)

VUC Extravaganza Version, 1951—

Oh, T.U.C. gulls we, fly on to victory,
All keeping time with the Party line
And being rude to the Bourgeoisie.
We flock to the Union Hall when Union leaders call,
When Grody Ill says "Strike if you will"
We shout "We will."

Chorus:

*Oh, you can't scare us, we're sticking to the Union,
We're sticking to the Union,
We're sticking to the Union,
Oh, you can't scare us, we're sticking to the Union.
We're sticking to the Union to the day we die.*

We're conscious of our sins, we seldom shave our chins,
We rarely wash, and all that bosh,
For dirty lampblack stains our skins.
We always get our way when we strike for better pay.
We show our tickets to the Union pickets
And this is what we say:

Chorus.

We fly along the shore, we're always wanting more
 Of our own control, no boss patrol.
 We make old Sitarella sore.
 From freezing works and mines, from ships and railway lines,
 We'll go on strike whenever we like,
 But we won't pike:

Chorus:

U.S.S.R.

73.

SALUTE TO LIFE

(Tune by Shostakovich)

The voice of the city is sleepless,
 The factories thunder and beat;
 How bitter the wind and relentless
 That echoes our shuffling feet.

*Yet Comrades, face the wind, salute
 the rising sun,*

*Our country turns towards the dawn,
 New life's begun.*

For the wind has a breath of the morning.
 Then greet it with banners unfurled;
 Let joy be your clarion, comrades,
 We march in the dawn of the world.

Salute to the solders of freedom,
 To comrades whose burdens we share,
 Divide them with sorrow and gladness,

Our labour, our plans and our cares.
 Triumphant and singing in triumph,
 Advances the army of youth.

For this is the new generation

Reborn in the battle for truth.

The universe envies us, comrades,

Our hearts are made strong in the strife:

Salute to the struggle for freedom!

Salute to the morning of life!

74.

THE MERRY YOUTH SONG

Our hearts are light as the song we are singing,
 Our merry song never lets us feel blue,
 And every city and village is ringing
 With songs like this that we're singing now for you.
 Songs help us work better, live better everywhere,
 Song spurs us onward and shows us the way,
 And he who sings as through life he goes marching
 Will never falter, will never go astray.

75.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SONG

We are young and the girls of our village
 Are as bright as the stars up above;
 You can study your Marx and your Lenin
 And still sigh in the springtime for love.

Can it be as you say —

Work so hard, yet be gay,

Where a smile that's an eye-full to see?

We're in tune with the spring,

All the world seems to sing

In our country so young and so free.

PART THREE
FOLK SONGS

Australia

76.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled.
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.*

(The third line of the chorus is always the third
line of the previous verse)

Up came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee—
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up rode the troopers, one, two, three.
"Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive," said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong:
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

77.

BOTANY BAY

Farewell to old England forever,
Farewell to my rum-culls as well,
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey,
Where I used for to cut such a swell.

Singing tooral-liooral-liaddity.

Singing tooral-liooral-liay.

Singing tooral-liooral-liaddity.

Singing tooral-liooral-liay.

There's the Captain as is our commandier,
There's the Bosun and all the ship's crew,
There's the first and the second class passengers
Knows what we poor convicts goes through.

'Taint leaving old England we cares about,
'Taint 'cos we misspells what we knows,
But because all we light-fingered gentery
Hops around with a log on our toes.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove
I'd soar on my pinions so high,
Slap! Bang! to the arms of my Polly-love,
And there I would lay me and die.

Now all you young Dookies and Duchesses.
Take warning from what I've to say—
Mind all is your own as you touchesses,
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

78.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin.
Try drinking some water:
It's much better than gin.
Shun the doctrines of Labour,
Trade Unions too,
Look to your Employer—
He knows better than you.

Ask your Employer to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and guide you,
He may be willing to pay you—
He knows better than you.

79.

BUMP ME INTO PARLIAMENT

(To the tune of "Yankee Doodle". It is recorded as being the work of "Casey, of the One Big Union League, Melbourne". This song was sung by students at the New Zealand University Students' Association Congress at Curious Cove in January, 1949, just as Ormond Wilson, then Fabian L.P. member for Palmerston North, was commencing his address.)

Come, listen all kind friends of mine,
I want to move a motion:
To make an El Dorado here
I've got a bonzer notion.

*Bump me into Parliament.
Bounce me any wa-ay,
Bang me into Parliament
On next Election Day.*

Some very wealthy friends I know
Declare I am most clever.
While some can talk for an hour or so,
Why, I can talk forever!

I know the Arbitration Act
As a businessman his swindle—
So if you want a small advance
I'll talk to Justice Tyndall.

Oh, yes, I am a Labour man,
And believe in Revolution:
The quickest way to bring it on
Is talking constitution.

I've read my library ten times through,
And wisdom justifies me.
The man who does not vote for me,
By cripes, he crucifies me.

*So bump 'im into Parliament,
Bounce 'im any wa-ay.
Bang 'im into Parliament,
Don't let the Court decay.*

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!

(Tune: "My Bonnie")

I've money in all the best companies,
In rubber, tobacco and tin,
In brothels in Rio Janeiro,
My God, how the money rolls in!

*Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in!*

With shares in the big German steelworks,
Oh how I wished Hitler would win!
For when he suppressed the trade unions,
My God, how the money rolled in!

My father sent field guns to Franco,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,
To make sure that the money rolled in!

My cousin's a starting-price bookie,
My mother sells synthetic gin,
My sister sells sin to the sailors,
My God, how the money rolls in!

My brother's a curate in Sydney,
He's saving young girlies from sin.
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar.
My God, how the money rolls in!

We've started an old-fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin.
The principal girl is my grandma.
My God, how the money rolls in!

Britain

81.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere.

As me and many companions were setting four or five
And taking of them up again, we caught a hare alive,
We took a hare alive, my boys, and through the woods did steer.

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we truged home.
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer.

82.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O!

I'll sing you one-O,
Green grow the rushes—O!
What is your one-O?
One is One, and all alone, and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you two-O,
 What is your two-O?
 Two, two, the lily-white boys, clothed all in green-O,
 One is One, and all alone, and ever more shall be so.

Three, three, the rivals.
 Four for the Gospel-makers.
 Five for the symbols at your door.
 Six for the six proud walkers.
 Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
 Eight for the April rainers.
 Nine for the nine bright shiners.
 Ten for the Ten Commandments.
 Eleven for the eleven who went to Heaven.
 Twelve for the Twelve Apostles.

83. RED FLY THE BANNERS—O!

(Based on the above ever-popular and rather profane folk-song, a Socialist of the 'thirties composed these political verses)

I'll sing you one-O,
Red fly the banners—O!
 What is your one-O?
 One is workers' unity, and ever more shall be so.
 Two, two, the man's own hands, working for his living-O.
 Three, three, the rights of man.
 Four for the four great teachers. (Four for the four years taken.)
 Five for the years of the Five-Year Plan.
 Six for the Tolpuddle Martyrs.
 Seven for the seven-hour working-day.
 Eight for the Eighth Route Army.
 Nine for the days of the General Strike.
 Ten for the days that shook the world.

84. THE FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone.
 I worked at the weaver's trade.
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
 Was to woo a fair young maid.
 I wooed her in the winter-time,
 And in the summer too;
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
 Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
 One night she came to my bedside
 While I lay fast asleep.
 She laid her head upon my bed
 And then began to weep.
 She sighed, she cried, she nearly died,
 She said, "What shall I do?"
 And all night long I held her in my arms
 Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
 Once again I'm a bachelor. I live with my son.
 We work at the weaver's trade.
 And every, every time that I look into his eyes
 He reminds me of that fair young maid.
 He reminds me of the winter-time
 And of the summer, too,
 And the many, many times I held her in my arms
 Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

THE SOLDIER AND THE SAILOR

(This song is said to stem from the Crimean War, and reflects some of the genuine sentiment of the rank-and-file servicemen.)

A soldier and a sailor were talking one day.

Said the soldier to the sailor, "Let's kneel down and pray.

And of each thing we pray for may we also have ten,

And when we've finished praying we'll both say 'Amen.'"

"Now the first thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for the Queen

(And what an old so-and-so to us she has been),

And if she has one son, may she also have ten."

"May she have a bloody regiment," said the soldier. "Amen."

"Now the next thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for some beer

(And Lordy if we had some, it would bring us good cheer),

And if we have one beer, may we also have ten."

"May we have a bloody brewery," said the sailor. "Amen."

"Now all you young officers, and N.C.O.'s too,

With your hands in your pockets and damn-all to do

But to stand on street-corners and plague us poor men,

May the Lord come down and smite you," said the soldier. "Amen."

ILKLA MOOR BAHT 'AT

Where hast tha been since I saw thee?

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at.

Where hast tha been since I saw thee?

Hast tha been since I saw thee?

Hast tha been since I saw thee?

On ilkla moor baht 'at.

On ilkla moor baht 'at.

On ilkla moor baht 'at.

Ah's been a-courting Mary Jane.

Then tha wilt catch tha death of cold.

Then we shall have to bury thee.

Then woims will coom and eat thee oop.

Then doocks will coom and eat up woims.

Then we shall coom and eat oop doocks.

Then we shall all have eaten thee.

That's how we gets our own back.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

In good King Charles's golden days,

When loyalty no harm meant,

A zealous High Churchman was I.

And so I got preferment.

To teach my flock I never missed,

Kings were by God appointed,

And damn'd are those who dare resist

Or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law that I'll maintain

Until my dying day, sir,

That whatsoever King may reign,

Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the Crown,

And Pop'ry came in fashion,

The penal laws I hooted down,

And read the Declaration;

The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution—
And had become a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.

When William was our King declared,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at ■ distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

When George in pudding-time came o'er
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned ■ cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;

And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
The illustrious house of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:

For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be—
Until the times do alter!

88.

GREENSLEEVES

Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously,
For I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

*Greensleeves was all my joy,
And Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?*

I have been ready at your hand
To grant whatever you would crave;
I have both waged life and land
Your and goodwill for to have.

Thou could'st desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily;
Thy music, still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

Well, I will pray to God on high
That thou my constancy may see,
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Greensleeves, now, farewell! Adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me!

DRINK TO ME ONLY

Drink to me only with thine eyes.
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not ask for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine,
 But could I of Jove's nectar sip
 I would not change for thine.
 I sent thee late a rosey wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee
 As giving it ■ hope that there
 It would not wither'd be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sendst it back to me,
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

THE OAK AND THE ASH

A North Country maid up to London had stray'd,
 Although with her nature it did not agree;
 She wept, and she sigh'd, and she bitterly cried,
 "I wish once again in the North I could be.

*"Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
 They flourish at home in my own country.*

"While sadly I roam I regret my dear home,
 Where the lads and young lasses are making the hay;
 The merry bells ring, and birds sweetly sing,
 And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.

"No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease;
 Where maidens are fair many lovers will come;
 But he whom I wed must be North Country bred.
 And carry me back to my North Country home."

BARBARA ALLEN

In Scarlet town where I was born
 There was ■ fair maid dwellin',
 Made every youth cry "Well-a-day!"
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
 When green buds they were swellin',
 Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay
 For love of Barbara Allen.

And death is printed on his face.
 And o'er his heart is stealin';
 Then haste away to comfort him,
 Oh, lovely Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly she came up,
 And slowly she came nigh him;
 And all she said when there she came:
 "Young man, I think you're dyin'."

When he was dead and laid in grave,
 Her heart was struck with sorrow;
 O mother, mother, make my bed,
 For I shall die tomorrow.

"Farewell," she said, "ye maidens all.
And shun the fault I fell in.
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

92.

HARRY POLLITT

(Harry Pollitt, the Secretary of the British Communist Party, has been a well-known figure for thirty-six years. This song is about fifteen years old.)

Harry was a Bolshie, one of Lenin's lads,
Till he was foully done to death by counter-revolutionary cads,
By counter-revolutionary cads,
By counter-revolutionary cads,
Till he was foully done to death by counter-revolutionary cads.
"That's OK," said Harry, "my spirit shall not die;
I'll go and do some Party work in the land beyond the sky."
He went up to the pearly gates, to the keeper of the keys.
He said, "May I speak to Comrade God?—it's Harry Pollitt please."
"And who are you?" said Peter. "Are you humble and contrite?"
"I'm a friend of Lady Astor's." "That's OK, then, you're all right."
They put him in a nightie, put a harp into his hand,
And he played the "Internationale" in the Alleluia Band.
They put him in the choir. The hymns he did not like,
So he organised the angels and he brought them out on strike.
One day as God was walking round Heaven to meditate,
Whom should He see but Harry, chalking slogans on the gate.
They brought him up for trial before the Holy Ghost
For spreading disaffection among the Heavenly Host.
The verdict it was "Guilty." "OK," said Harry. "Swell!"
So he tucked his nightie round his knees and he floated down to Hell.
Ten long years have passed, but Harry's doing swell.
He's just been made first People's Commissar of Soviet Hell.

93.

SHE WAS POOR, BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of a squire's whim;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

Then she ran away to London
For to hide her grief and shame;
There she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

See her riding in her carriage
In the park and all so gay;
All the nobs and nobby persons
Come to pass the time of day.

See the little old-world village
Where her aged parents live,
Drinking the champagne she sends them—
But they never can forgive.

In the rich man's arms she flutters
Like a bird with broken wing;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splendid mansion,
Entertaining with the best.
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons
Passing laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passions
Trails her way through mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says, "Farewell, blighted love."
There's a scream, a splash—Good Heavens!
What is she a-doing of?

When they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrang;
For they thought that she was drowned;
But the corpse got up and sang:

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that gets the blame;
It's the rich that gets the pleasure—
Isn't it ■ blooming shame?

Canada

94.

L'ALOUETTE

*Allouette, gentille allouette,
Allouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai les pattes!
Je te plumerai les pattes!
Alouette, alouette, Oh . . .
Je te plumerai le bec
Je te plumerai le bec
Et les pattes
Et les pattes
Allouette, alouette, Oh . . .
Je te plumerai les yeux
Je te plumerai les yeux
Et le bec
Et le bec
Et les pattes
Et les pattes, etc.
Je te plumerai la tête.
Je te plumerai le dos.
Je te plumerai les ailes.
Je te plumerai le cou.
Je te plumerai . . . etc.*

95.

VIVE LA CANADIENNE

*Vive la Canadienne!
Vole mon coeur, vole!
Vive la Canadienne
Et ses jolis yeux doux.
Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux.
Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux.
Nous la menons aux noces,
Vole mon coeur, vole!
Nous la menons aux noces
Dans tous ses beaux atours.
La, nous jasons sans gêne,
Vole mon coeur, vole!
La nous jasons sans gêne,
Nous nous amusons tous.*

THE MINSTREL BOY

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone.
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free.
They shall never sound in slavery!"

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

(This song was written by Thomas Moore for the sweetheart of a young Irishman killed in the revolts against England during the French Revolutionary Wars. It is set to an old Irish wake dirge.)

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Ev'ry note which he loved awaking;
Ah! Little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! Make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow:
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart;
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill:
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still:
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love:
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

KILLARNEY

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
 Em'rald isles and winding bays,
 Mountain paths and woodland dells,
 Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
 Bounteous nature loves all lands,
 Beauty wanders everywhere,
 Footprints leaves on many strands,
 But her home is surely there.
 Angels fold their wings and rest
 In that Eden of the west—
Beauty's home, Killarney!
Heaven's reflex, Killarney!

No place else can charm the eye
 With such bright and varied tints,
 Every rock that you pass by
 Verdure broiders or besprings.
 Virgin there the green grass grows,
 Every morn springs natal day;
 Bright hued berries daff the snows,
 Smiling winter's frown away.
 Angels often pausing there
 Doubt if Eden were more fair.

Music here for echo dwells,
 Makes each sound a harmony;
 Many-voiced the music swells
 Till it faints in ecstasy.
 With the charming tints below
 Seems the heaven above to vie:
 All rich colours that we know
 Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.
 Wings of angels so bright shine,
 Glancing back soft light divine.

CHEVALIERS DE LA TABLE RONDE

Chevaliers de la table ronde)	
Goutons voir si le vin est bon)	Twice
Goutons voir, oui, oui, oui,)	
Goutons voir, non, non, non,)	
Goutons voir si le vin est bon.)	Twice

S'il est bon, s'il est agreable,
 J'en boirai jusqu'a mon plaisir.
 J'en boirai cinq ou si bouteilles,
 Une femme sur mes genoux.
 Pan, pan, pan, qui frappe a la porte?
 Je crois bien que c'est son mari.
 Si c'est lui, que le diabl' l'emporte
 De venir troubler mon plaisir?
 S'il me tue, je veux qu'on m'enterre
 Dans la cave ou y a du bon vin.
 Les deux pieds contre la muraille
 Et la tete sous le robinet.
 Et les quatre plus grands ivrognes
 Porteront les quatr' coins du drap.
 Pour donner le discours d'usage
 On Prendra le bistrot du coin.
 Et si le tonneau se debouche
 J'en boirai jusqu'a mon loisir.

AUPRES DE MA BLONDE

Dan les jardins d'mon pere,
 Les lilas sont fleuris,
 Tous les oiseaux du monde
 Viennent y faire leur nids.

*Aupres de ma blonde,
 Qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,
 Aupres de ma blonde,
 Qu'il fait bon dormir.*

Tous les oiseaux du monde
 Viennent y fair leurs nids,
 La caille, la tourterelle,
 Et la jolie perdrix.

La caille, la tourterelle,
 Et la jolie perdrix,
 Et ma jolie colombe
 Qui chante jour et nuit.

Et ma jolie colombe
 Qui chante jour et nuit,
 Qui chante pour les filles
 Qui n'ont pas de mari.

Qui chante pour les filles
 Qui n'ont pas de mari,
 Pour moi ne chante guere
 Car j'en ai un joli.

Pour moi ne chant guere
 Car j'en ai un joli,
 —Dites-nous donc, ma belle,
 Ou donc est votre mari?

Dites-nous donc, ma belle,
 Ou donc est votre mari?
 Il est dans la Hollande,
 Les Hollandais l'ont pris.

Il est dans la Hollande,
 Les Hollandais l'ont pris.
 —Que donnerez-vous, ma belle,
 Pour avoir votre mari?

Que doñnerez-vous, ma belle,
 Pour avoir votre mari?
 —Je donnerais Versailles,
 Paris et Saint-Denis.

Je donnerais Versailles,
 Paris et Saint-Denis,
 Les tours de Notre-Dame,
 Et l'clocher d'mon pays.

Les tours de Notre-Dame,
 Et l'clocher d'mon pays,
 Et ma jolie colombe,
 Pour avoir mon mari.

En passant par la Lorraine
Avec mes sabots,
 En passant par la Lorraine
Avec mes sabots,
 Recontrai trois capitaines,
Avec mes sabots, Dondaine,
Oh! Oh! Oh! Avec mes sabots!
 Recontrai trois capitaines,
 Ils m'ont appele vilaine.
 Ils m'ont appele vilaine,
 Je ne suis pas si vilaine.
 Je ne suis pas si vilaine,
 Puisque le fils du roi m'aime.
 Puisque le fils du roi m'aime,
 Il m'a donne pour etrenne.
 Il m'a donne pour etrenne
 Un bouquet de marjolaine.
 Un bouquet de marjolaine,
 S'il fleurit, je serai reine.
 S'il fleurit, je serai reine,
 S'il y meurt je perds ma peine.

Germany

103.

DIE LORELEI

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,
 Dass ich so traurig bin:
 Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
 Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.
 Die Luft ist kuhl und es dunkelt,
 Und ruhig fiesst der Rhein;
 Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
 Im Abendsonnenschein.

I know not what evil is coming,
 But my heart feels sad and cold;
 A song in my head keeps humming,
 A tale from the times of old.
 The air is fresh and it darkles,
 And smoothly flows the Rhine;
 The peak of the mountain sparkles
 In the fading sunset-shine.
 The loveliest wonderful maiden
 On high is sitting there,
 With golden jewels braiden,
 And she combs her golden hair.
 With a golden comb she is combing,
 And ever the while sings she
 A marvellous song through the gloaming
 Of magical melody.

It hath caught the boatman, and bound him
 In the spell of a wild, sad love:
 He sees not the rocks around him,
 He sees only her above.
 The waves through the pass keep swinging,
 But boatman or boat is none:
 And this with her mighty singing
 The Lorelei hath done.

Wohlauf noch getrunken den funkelnden Wein!
 Ade nun ihr Lieben, geschieden muss sein!
 Ade nun, ihr Berge, du vaeterlich Haus!)
 Es treibt in die Ferne mich maechtig hinaus!) Twice
 Hinaus! . . .

Juvivallera, juvivallera, juvivallevallevallera!
Juvivallera, juvivallera, juvivallevallevallera!

Once more fill the cup with this bright sparkling wine,
 To pledge ere I go these belov'd ones of mine!
 I pledge ye, o hills, and my dear childhood's home!)
 I leave ye awhile in the great world to roam!) Twice
 To roam! . . .
 The sun doth not stand in the heavens above,
 But o'er earth and sea on his mission doth rove;
 The waves are not chained to the dull, lonely shore,)
 And storms through the land in their might rage and roar.) Twice
 And roar . . .
 With fast-driving clouds are the birds hurried on,
 Yet sing in the distance their own native song;
 Like them shall I roam now from place unto place,)
 As my mother, the Earth, rolls through regions of space.) Twice
 Of space . . .
 How oft did those birds soar my cottage above,
 Those flowers I twined in a wreath for my love.
 But love still doth guide me, with soft, winning hand,)
 And gives me a home in a far distant land.) Twice
 Afar . . .

105.

TRUE LOVE

Ach, wie ist's moeglich dann,
 Dass ich dich lassen kann?
 Hab' dich von Herzen lieb.
 Das glaube mir!
 Du hast die Seele mein
 So ganz genommen ein
 Dass ich kein' Andre lieb'
 Als dich allein!

How can I leave thee, dear,
 And leave my heart thus here?
 Thou art my heart's best love,
 All else above.
 Thou dost possess my soul,
 Thou dost each thought control,
 No love this heart hath known
 But thine alone.

Blooms in a shady spot
 Sweet blue forget-me-not;
 Laid on that heart of thine,
 Forget not mine!
 Though hope and flower may die,
 Still rich in love am I;
 True love, as thou shalt see,
 Dies not in me.

If but a bird were I,
 Then to thy breast I'd fly;
 Falcon nor hawk I'd fear,
 If thou wert near!

Shot by a hunter's ball,
On thy dear breast I'd fall;
To know that thou wouldst sigh,
Gladly I'd die.

106.

THE FAITHFUL COMRADE

(The German poet Uhland wrote this song during the War of Liberation against Bonaparte after 1812)

Ich hatt' einen Kameraden,
Einen besser'n findest du nitt.
Die Trommel schlug zum Streite,
Er ging an meiner Seite

In gleichem Schritt und Tritt,
In gleichem Schritt und Tritt.

I had a faithful comrade,
Never better could there be.
The trumpet echoed widely,
He firmly marched beside me,
There step for step with me,
There step for step with me.

One death-winged ball came flying,
Is it sent for thee or me?
It cut him short, and, dying,
As at my feet he's lying,
He seems a part of me,
He seems a part of me.

His hand he strives to give me,
As I my rifle load.

No time have I to grasp it
Though I'd forever clasp it,
My comrade true and good,
My comrade true and good.

107.

ROSEBUD IN THE HEATHER

Sah ein Knab' ein Roeslein stehen,
Roeslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschoen,
Lief er schnell es nah' zu sehen,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.

*Roeslein, roeslein, roeslein rot,
Roeslein auf der Heiden!*

A boy espied a rosebud rare,
Rosebud in the heather,
Young and sweet, like morning fair.
He ran to see it closer there,
Blushed, like it, with pleasure.

*Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud in the heather.*

Said the boy, "I must pick thee,
Rosebud in the heather."
Said the rose, "Then I'll prick thee.
And not mind it, for of me
The memory thou wilt treasure."

So the wilful boy he picked
The rosebud in the heather;
Then the rosebud turned and pricked
The boy, and felt not being picked.
The boy must feel it ever.

THE MILLER'S SONG

Das Wandern ist des Muellers Lust, das Wandern!
 Das muss ein schlechter Mueller sein,
 Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
 Das Wandern! Das Wandern!

To wander is the miller's lust, to wander!
 He scarce a miller is at all
 Who never felt the yearning call
 To wander! To wander!

The water taught us so to yearn, the water!
 It knows no rest by night or day,
 But always hurries on its way,
 The water! The water!

We see the wandering in the wheels, the mill-wheels!
 They never stand a moment still,
 But turn and turn with restless will,
 The mill-wheels! The mill-wheels!

The stones themselves, so hard are they, the mill-stones!
 They turn as turn the shafts go slow,
 And ne'er a wit more swift will go,
 The mill-stones! The mill-stones!

To wander! wander! my desire—to wander!
 Oh, master, and my lady, pray,
 Let me seek peace far, far away,
 And wander! And wander!

Italy

FINICULI

Some think the world is made for and frolic,
 And so do I,
 And so do I.
 Some think it well to be all melancholic,
 To pine and sigh,
 To pine and sigh.
 But, I love to spend my time in singing
 Some joyous song,
 Some joyous song.
 To set the air with music bravely ringing
 Is far from wrong,
 Is far from wrong.
 Listen, listen, echoes sound afar!
 Listen, listen, echoes sound afar!
Finiculi, Finiculi, Finiculi, Finicula!
 Echoes sound afar, *Finiculi, Finicula!*

Ah me! 'Tis strange that some should take to sighing,
 And like it well,
 And like it well.
 For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,
 So cannot tell,
 So cannot tell.
 With laugh and dance and song the day soon passes,
 Full soon is gone,
 Full soon is gone.
 For mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses
 To call their own,
 To call their own.

Listen, listen, hark the soft guitar!
Listen, listen, hark the soft guitar!
Finiculi, Finiculi, Finiculi, Finicula!
Hark the soft guitar, *Finiculi, Finicula!*

110.

TIRITOMBA

When the golden morn above the hills is breaking,
When the lark's first notes are waking,
When the rippling brooks their madrigals are making,
To the hills I take my way.

Tiritomba! Tiritomba!

Loud the hills are calling, calling me to go!

Tiritomba! Tiritomba!

Tiritomba! I must go.

When the sea-wind soft at dawn is gently sighing,
When my boat's white sail is flying,
When the chanting men their gondolas are plying,
Then my heart begins to sing.

New Zealand

111.

HIOA RA

Haeremai e hine ma,
Me nga taonga o te wa,
He reo karanga i katoa,
Haeremai ki au.

*Hoea ra te waka nei,
Hoea hoea ki te pai,
Ma te poi e karawhiu,
E rahui te pai.*

Koia ra e hine ma,
Koha kore noa te pai,
Haeremai te atawhai,
Ka rahui i te pai.

112.

POKARE KARE ANA

Pokare kare ana,
Nga wai o Rotorua,
Whiti atu ko e hine,
Marino ana e.

*E hine e,
Hoki mai ra,
Ka mate ahau,
I te aroha e.*

Tuhi tuhi taku reta,
Tuku atu taku rungi,
Kei kite to iwi,
Raruraru ai e,

Kua pau aka pepa,
Kua whati taku pene,
Ko taku aroha,
Mau tonu ana e.

I heard this sad song-oh
 In the Orongorongo,
 "There'll be no more double-bunking, double-bunking for me!"
 I said to the vocalist,
 "Oh why do you insist,
 'There'll be no more double-bunking, double-bunking for me'?"
There'll be no more double-bunking, double-bunking, double-
bunking,
There'll be no more double-bunking, double-bunking for me.

He said, "I've had a gutsful
 Of tramps here, the hut's full,
 There'll be, etc.

I've weakened and lost weight,
 I've ruined my prostate,
 There'll be, etc.

My tongue's covered with fur, too,
 And I can't eat my burgoon,
 There'll be, etc.

I'm washed out like a dish-rag.
 I've ruptured my sleeping-bag,
 There'll be, etc.

Henceforth and hereafter
 I'll sleep on a rafter,
 On a peak or a pinnacle,
 Or under a waterfall,
 On sand or on shingle:
 BUT I'M GOING TO SLEEP SINGLE."

(Like the last, this song originated in the Victoria College Tramping Club. H. W. Gretton grudgingly acknowledges authorship.)

I like to go tramping around Dawson Falls,
 The climate's superb and the scenery enthralls,
 There's pungas and fuchsias and mamaku trees—
 It's a swell place to go with a fast pair of skis.

When it's cold and you freeze,

You can always get warm with a fast pair of skis.

King David lay dying, and couldn't get warm,
 So they brought a fair virgin to take him by storm:
 Said David: "To hell with prescriptions like these,
 Tell the eunuchs to bring me a fast pair of skis."

When Sodom and Gomorrah were smote by the sword,
 Lot lay on the mountain as drunk as a lord;
 His friends were surprised the old chap didn't freeze,
 But he kept himself warm with a fast pair of skis.

A trampler in Heaven was going to try on
 His wings when he noticed the slopes of Mount Zion;
 He said to Saint Peter: "I'm no good with these,
 But just watch me fly with a fast pair of skis."

Alas and alack, even trampers grow old,
 When alps are too lofty and virgins too cold,
 But while we can totter, we'll puff and we'll wheeze
 Up the old hill for the old thrill—a fast pair of skis.

115.

WEEPING AND WAILING

One day in the summer when daylight was fading,
 Way down by the river I wandered alone;
 I met an old man who was weeping and wailing,
 And rocking ■ cradle that was not his own.

Sing ay-da-lo-boy, sweet baby lie easy!

Your own daddy will never be known!

Weeping and wailing, and rocking the cradle

Of somebody's baby that is not your own.

When first I married your innocent mother,
 I thought, like a fool, I was blessed with a wife;
 But now to my sorrow and sad lamentation,
 She's turned out the curse and the plague of my life!

'Twas every night to a ball or ■ party,
 She left me a-rocking the cradle alone;
 An innocent baby who calls me his Daddy,
 And little he knows that I am not his own!

Now all you young fellows who some day may marry,
 Just take my advice and leave women alone;
 For by the Lord Harry, if ever you marry,
 She'll bring you a baby and swear it's your own.

Scotland

116.

BONNIE DOON

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
 Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling bird
 That warbles on yon flowery thorn,
 Ye mind me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 By morning and by evening shine,
 To hear the birds sing o' their loves
 As fondly once I sang o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I stretched my hand
 And pu'd a rose-bud from the tree,
 But my fause lover stole the rose,
 And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

177.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Oh! where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
 Oh! where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
 He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done,
 And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh! where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
 Oh! where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
 He dwelt in bonnie Scotland where blooms the sweet blue-bell,
 And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.

Oh! what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
 Oh! what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
 A bonnet with ■ lofty plume, and on his breast ■ plaid,
 And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.

Oh! what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?
 Oh! what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?
 Oh, no, true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
 For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain!

HO-RO MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN

*Ho-ro my nut-brown maiden,
 Hi-ri my nut-brown maiden,
 Ho-ro-ro maiden,
 Oh she's the maid for me.*

Her eye so mildly beaming,
 Her look so frank and free,
 In waking and in dreaming
 Is ever more with me.

O Mary, mild-eyed Mary,
 By land or on the sea,
 Though time and tide may vary,
 My heart beats true to thee.

And since from thee I parted
 A long and weary while,
 I wander heavy-hearted
 With longing for thy smile.

In Glasgow or Dunedin
 Were maidens fair to see,
 But ne'er a Lowland maiden
 Could lure mine eyes from thee.

Mine eyes that never vary
 From pointing to the glen
 Where blooms my Highland Mary
 Like wild-rose, neath the Ben.

And when, with blossoms laden,
 Bright summer comes again,
 I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
 Down from the bonnie glen.

TIRNANOG

Out where the sunset fades into dimness,
 Out to the rim where sky touches sea;
 Westward and far, where in the pale evening
 Shines the first starlight, there would I be.

Seeking the unknown islands of fancy,
 Far in my boat though storm-winds may blow,
 Lured by the haunting call of the sea-bird,
 West to those strange, far lands I would go.

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

It's a far croonin' that is pullin' me away
 As take I wi' my cromak to the road,
 It's the far Coolins are puttin' love on me
 As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Sure, by Tummel and Loch Ranoch and Loch Aber I will go,
 By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles;
 If it's thinkin' in your inner heart the braggart's in my step,
 You've never smelt the tangle o' the isles.
 Oh the far Coolins are puttin' love on me,
 As step I wi' my cromak to the isles.

It's by Sheil water the track is to the west.
By Aillort and by Mortar to the sea,
It's the cool cresses I am thinkin' o' for pluck.
And bracket for a wink on Mother's knee.

It's the blue islands are pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame.
It's the blue islands from the Skerries to the Lews,
Wi' heather-honey taste upon each name.

121.

ERISKAY LOVE-LILT

*Vair me o, oro van o,
Vair me o, oro van ee,
Vair me oru oho,
Sad am I without thee.*

When I'm lonely, dear white heart,
Black the night or wild the sea,
By love's light my foot finds
The old pathway to thee.

Thou'rt the music of my heart,
Harp of joy, o crush machree,
Moon of guidance by night,
Strength and light thou'rt to me.

U.S.A.

122.

BLUE-TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait
On master and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

*Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care,
My master's gone away.*

And when he'd rise in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom,
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.

One day he ride around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite him on the thigh—
The Devil take the blue-tail fly!

The pony run, he jump, he pitch,
He throw my master in the ditch.
He died—the Jury wondered why—
The verdict was—the blue-tail fly.

They laid him under the 'simmon-tree,
His epitaph is plain to see:
"Beneath this tree I'm forced to lie,
The victim of the blue-tail fly."

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

Rejoice and be gay
 For the springtime has come,
 You can lay down your shovels
 And go on the bum.

*Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
 Hallelujah, bum again,
 Hallelujah, give us a handout
 To revive us again.*

O, I love my boss,
 He's a good friend of mine,
 And that's why I'm starving
 Out on the breadline.

The springtime has come
 And I'm just out of jail,
 Without any money,
 Without any bail.

O, why can't you work
 Like other fellers do?
 How the hell can I work
 When there's no work to do?

O, why don't you pray
 For your daily bread?
 If that's all I did
 I would damn soon be dead.

O, why don't you save
 All the money you earn?
 Well, if I didn't eat
 I'd have money to burn.

I went to a house
 And I knocked on the door.
 But the lady said, "Bum, bum,
 You've been here before."

I can't buy a job
 For I ain't got the dough.
 So I ride in a box-car,
 'Cause I'm-a hobo.

I went to a house,
 And I asked for some bread.
 But the lady said, "Bum, bum,
 The baker is dead."

I like our Gov.,
 They are great friends of mine,
 And that's why I'm hiking
 Down their railway-line.

Whenever I get
 All the money I earn,
 The Boss will be broke
 And to work he must turn.

*Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
 Hallelujah, bum again,
 Hallelujah, give us sixpence,
 For Christ's sake, Amen.*

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.
 I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
 Comin' for to carry me home,
 A band of angels, comin' after me,
 Comin' for to carry me home.
 Sometimes I'm up and sometimes I'm down,
 Comin' for to carry me home,
 Sometimes I'm nearly on de groun',
 Comin' for to carry me home.
 If you get there before I do,
 Comin' for to carry me home,
 Jes tell my friends that I'm a-comin' too,
 Comin' for to carry me home.

125. I AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

O, the deacon went down (solo)
 O, the deacon went down (all)
 To the cellar to pray (solo)
 To the cellar to pray (all)
 But he found some wine (solo)
 But he found some wine (all)
 So he stayed all day (solo)
 So he stayed all day. (all)
 O, the deacon went down to the cellar to pray,
 But he found some wine, so he stayed all day,
 I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.
 O, ye can't go to heaven in a limousine
 'Cos the Lord ain't got no gasoline.
 O, ye can't go to heaven in a Ford coupe
 'Cos the Lord's got shares in Chevrolet.
 O ye can't go to heaven on roller skates
 Or ye'll roll right past them pearly gates.
 O, ye can't go to heaven in a rockin' chair
 'Cos the Lord don't want no lazy-bones there.
 O, ye can't go to heaven with a bottle o' beer
 'Cos the Lord will say "NO GROG IN HERE."
 O, ye can't go to heaven with a pocketful o' tin
 'Cos the Lord won't let no rich men in.

126.

GO DOWN, MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
 Let my people go!
 Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
 Let my people go!
Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land,
Tell old Pharoah to let my people go!
 Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
 Let my people go!
 If not, I'll smite your firstborn dead,
 Let my people go!
Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land,
Tell old Pharoah to let my people go!

THE UNION MAID

(Another Wobbly song—to the tune of "Redwing")

There once was a Union maid, she never was afraid
Of goons and ginks and company finks
And the deputy sheriffs who made the raid.
She went to the Union Hall when a meeting it was called,
And when the Legion boys came round
She always stood her ground.

*Oh, you can't scare me, I'm a-stickin' to the union,
I'm a-stickin' to the union, I'm a-stickin' to the union,
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm a-stickin' to the union,
I'm a-stickin' to the union till the day I die.*

This union maid was wise to the tricks of company spies,
She couldn't be fooled by a company stool,
She'd always organise the guys.
She'd always get her way when she struck for better pay,
She'd show her card to the National Guard, and this is what she'd say:
You gals who want to be free, just take a tip from me—
You get you a man who's a union man
And join the ladies' auxiliary.
Married life ain't hard when you got a union card;
A union man has a happy life
When he's got a union wife.

UNION CLEMENTINE

In a cavern in a canyon
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

*Oh, me darling!
Oh, me darling!
Oh, me darling!
Clementine!*

*Be a shrewd 'un, join the union,
And be smart like Clementine.*

Food was scarce, and money scarcer,
All the dough went to the boss.
Clemmy up and joined the union,
All to gain, and nought to loss.

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter join his daughter—
Now he's in with Clementine.

PIE IN THE SKY

(This is perhaps Joe Hill's masterpiece: a parody on a revivalist hymn, and an assault on diversionary religion)

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right.
But when asked about something to eat,
They will answer in voices so sweet:

You will eat, bye and bye,
 In that glorious land above the sky;
 Work and pray, live on hay,
 You'll get pie in the sky when you die.
 And the starvation army they play,
 And they sing and they clap and they pray,
 Till they get all your coin on the drum—
 Then they tell you—when you're on the bum—
 Holy rollers and jumpers come out,
 And they holler, they jump and they shout.
 "Give yer money to Jesus," they say.
 "He will cure all diseases away."
 If you fight hard for children and wife,
 Try to get something good in this life—
 You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,
 When you die you will sure go to hell.
 Working men of all countries unite,
 Side by side we for freedom will fight.
 When the world and its wealth we do gain,
 To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:
 You will eat bye and bye.
 When you've learned how to cook and to fry,
 Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
 And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

130.

SHENANDOAH

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
 Away, you rolling river,
 Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
 Away I'm bound to go
 'Cross the wide Missouri.
 Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
 Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter.
 'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee,
 'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee.
 Oh, Shenandoah, I took a notion,
 To sail across the stormy ocean.
 Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
 Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.
 Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

South Africa

131.

SARIE MARAIS

My Sarie Marais is so far from my heart,
 But I'm hoping to see her again,
 She lived on a farm on the Mooi river banks,
 Long before the war had begun.
 Oh bring me back to the old Transvaal,
 There's where my Sarie lives.
 There down among the mealies by the green thorny tree,
 There lives my Sarie Marais.
 There down among the mealies by the green thorny tree,
 There lives my Sarie Marais.

Oh, I was so scared that I would be caught,
And sent far across the sea,
So I fled to the side of the Eppington sand,
Down there where the Great river flows.

Freedom came again, and off we set for home,
Back to the old Transvaal.
My sweetheart will always be waiting for me,
And ready to give me a kiss.

The Tommies are just like the vile crocodile;
They always drag you to the sea;
They throw you on a ship, and send you for a trip,
And God knows where they'll send you to.

U.S.S.R.

132.

CAVALRY OF THE STEPPES

Onward, ride onward!
Men, onward over steppes and meadows,
Over the fields of green and rolling plains
We gallop on to join the Great Red Army. So

Maidens fair, why d'you cry?
Blushing maids, so sad and lonely,
Having to part from handsome lovers,
Riding off away across the plainland.

Oh, maidens fair, never fear,
Staunch and faithful are your lovers.
Wish us good speed, for we are leaving,
Riding to defend our lovely land.

Wales

133. THE ASH GROVE

The ash-grove how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking,
The wind through it playing has language for me;
When over its branches the sunlight is breaking,
A host of kind faces is gazing on me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me,
Fond memories waken as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,
The ash-grove, the ash-grove that sheltered my home.
My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,
Old countryside measures steal soft on my ear;
I only remember the past and its brightness.
The dear ones I mourn for again gather here,
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me,
And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,
I find other faces fond bending to greet me:
The ash-grove, the ash-grove alone is my home!

134. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Fiery day is ever mocking
Man's feeble sight;
Darkness eve by eve unlocking
Heaven's casket bright.
Thence the burdened spirit borrows
Strength to meet laborious morrows.
Starry peace to soothe our sorrows.
All through the night.
Planet after planet sparkling
All through the night,
Down on earth, their sister darkling,
Shed faithful light,
In our mortal day's declining,
May our souls, as calmly shining.



